HOME READING.

Hans and the Golden Apple.

A LEGEND.

[illegible] eyes were tearful,
[illegible] sobs swept,
[illegible] across the mountain
[illegible] had swept.
[illegible] all the family
[illegible], there was left
[illegible] the years of today,
[illegible] friends bereft.

[illegible] priest asked an offering
[illegible], however small,
[illegible] them, that the dear Lord,
[illegible] and loved them all.
[illegible] knew they had but little
[illegible] the orphan waif
[illegible] that they lent in this way
[illegible] would come back safe.

Now Hans, "the ever hungry,"
[illegible] out just at dawn
[illegible] the pastor's heifer,"
[illegible] far astray had gone.
[illegible] when back home he brought her,
The priest, for well earned treat,
Gave him a rosy apple,
To eat it quickly eat.

So safe within his pocket
The apple went to mass,
[illegible] wearied out with walking,
[illegible] fell asleep. Alas!
[illegible] now, behold! unto him
Appeared the Holy Child,
In brightly shining garments,
And said in accents mild:

"Dear little Hans, for My sake,
Oh, lose thine apple red."
Then Hans wondering, wakened,
Wondrously vision fled.
[illegible] the carved alms basin
[illegible], the old priest stopped
[illegible] to see Hans' apple
[illegible] the kreutzers dropped.

[illegible] when upon the altar
He placed it, strange to say,
[illegible] the copper kreutzers,
A golden apple lay.
[illegible] the pastor's garden
[illegible], which heretofore
[illegible] borne the rosy apples,
Brought forth that kind no more.

[illegible] shining yellow pippins
[illegible] men might not forget
(Hans and the golden apple)
[illegible] hears and bears them yet.

—V. B. H. in *Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A Unique Chariot.

SUSIE C. WILLIAMS.

In the days of childhood as we read of the old heroic times when a golden fleeced sheep carried two children of earth over the seas, when were driven through the air,

"The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven
And blow the morning from their nostrils."

When, too, a wronged Pegasus, or white-necked swan speeding whithersoever its rider directed, was no unusual sight; we wondered if these fanciful tales were true and took great delight in the belief that mortals in the past, at least, really were blest with such wonderful conveyances.

But all too soon Time's rude touch awakened us from these dreams of childhood, leaving us with arms vainly outstretched to detain the fading visions of delight.

Sadly still we stand and watch the twilight rays of truth vanishing into the night of old-school. Then we turn to see what we really do possess that is tangible, and what is before us? A long train with a puffing horse; a ponderous ferryboat daily crossing its tiresome way; last, a jingling, jolting horsecar. What a contrast! not even in appearance, for "handsome is as handsome does;" but in convenience as compared to the heroes of the mythical days were troubled by no such inconveniences as fire or stoppage, but with a word or a touch were borne to their destination.

Truly 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, seeing that foreign travel is a boon granted to comparatively few of nature's lovers, and even then is attended by so much inconvenience and peril.

For who has not at some time wished to hold the land whose brave little states stood out so patriotically against the Persian; the land where first rose the dawn of literature and art; or Rome, the city which, as on a shuttle threw its threads of power in every direction as it wove the great fabric of empire; who has not wished to worship nature's temples on the heights of Switzerland or to traverse the sacred soil of Palestine?

But only the few who have these privileges and the rest—the rest sigh and say: If the chariots of old now existed, it might have been," but now the dark raven of disparagement croaks, "nevermore, nevermore!"

For to those "rest," as some one has aptly said, "Suddenly has closed the ivory gate of dreams and the horngate of every day life opened."

Ye despairing ones, have you forgotten that you never hear of the legacy that through countless ages has been handed down to man, of that wonderful chariot which all may ride.

But you all know it, you have all journeyed in it though perhaps you have forgotten its name for the moment. Let me help you read it. First its appearance. It has great beauty, dazzling beauty so, that the eyes are almost blinded by its brilliancy. Then when accustomed to it, we notice that it is not drawn by horses but is hurried on upon the swiftest of wings; next that on the luxurious seat lies a pair of reins, by which we know that the chariot is guided at the will of its rider; we also see that a cloud folds the whole so that the occupant may be undisturned by the surrounding world.

Neptune's chariot we read skimmed the surface of the great sea and glistened with the ocean spray.

But our car is still more beautiful and wonderful; for it has conquered the great enemy called Space and not confined to the surface bears us to the lowest depths of ocean where the mermaids and sea-nymphs have their palaces. It carries us to the very homes of the mystic fairies; to the ice kings palaces in the frozen north, or to the warm southern suns. And more than this, it flies back, the surges of Time, the wonder-worker of Space.

You dread the wide sea lean back in Neptune's chariot and be carried whithersoever you will.

In old England you not only mingle with the busy throngs in her great cities, but you stand in the tapestried halls of Queen Mary's time and look upon the dark waters of the tower; or if the chariot unroll the panorama of Time still farther you may find yourself in the ancient banqueting hall of the Norman Lord where the blackened beams look down upon the mirth and jollity of the wassail-bowl.

If to Italy you look not upon the present degradation of her inhabitants, but you see her in her time of glory, where the Medici welcomed to the court the learning and wisdom of the world; when liberal sciences flourished and ambition in art rose higher and higher in the aspirations of men till it reached its dazzling pinnacle in the hands of Michael Angelo.

Or if you walk amid the ruins of Greece, suddenly from out of the debris rises the city of Athens in all the beauty of the age of Pericles. The Parthenon is before you and you can almost hear the thundering eloquence of her orators and wise discourse of her philosophers.

In our own country too, the chariot carries us back into the past and shows us the red man's wigwam deserted, his camp-fires cold and gray, while on their site, even as we watch, the white man's town springs up. It parts th Jordan waves of our country's future and bears us over into the glorious, Canaan of prophetic vision, where our eyes behold a "second golden age, the rise of empire and of arts." There Liberty sits enthroned while around her blazes another bright galaxy of Spencers and Raleighs, of Shakespeares and Miltons.

Take but a short flight and you will catch a glimpse of what Thompson meant by

"The light that never was on sea or land
The inspiration and the poet's dream."

And you will also learn why it has been said that this chariot "bodies forth the form of things unknown."

Let us see what this great gift has already done for men. The mighty dramatist rode it and in it saw the many sided crystal of life and human nature, all whose surfaces were to him equally bright, and it was by their portrayal that Shakespeare was given the epithet of the "myriad minded." In it Milton also was borne to night's Plutonian show, was shown the awful night of Hell's dread ruler and the bright glories of the Heavenly throne; and the result was a poem whose grandeur and sublimity a lifetime is too short too appreciate, a poem which will remain the wonder of all time.

To Raphael, also, the chariot revealed marvellous sights such as none but he could see until he had made them live on canvas. He made them live and became immortal. Was the chariot a light gift to such men as these?

But not only the great of the world has this power assisted; in a simpler form it is the children's constant companion. By its means the child hears voices in the winds that whistle through the trees, and when he looks up at the clouds he sees in them turreted castles which at sunset are transformed into glittering palaces.

In their play as well as in their serious moments its presence and uses are constant. So much so that their whole early life is brightened by it; for they do not see the blank bare reality but the ideal which they would wish to have.

Is it a wonder that people sigh and say: "Oh! the sunny days of childhood!" For, notwithstanding what critics mutter about "distance" and consequent "enchantment," it remains a fact that this power does throw a halo about early life never known in later years. It is in short the golden touch of childhood and should not too soon be thrown away, for the less refreshing pastimes of those who say: "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child."

Now just as on mounting the Alps, although the higher a person climbs the more sublime the scenery, nevertheless there is a like increase of danger, so with this great gift. The higher and more beneficient it is in its rightful uses, the more dangerous become its abuses.

Instead of being an inspiration it becomes a paralyzing presence and the victim—for victim he must be called—becomes an idle dreamer who knows not how to "act in the living present" but haunts the realms of the "dead past," and at his approach his fellow men are prompted to exclaim: "Behold the dreamer cometh!"

I have now given you a brief sketch of this wonderful chariot. You have seen how it looks, what it can do and something of what it has done for men, and now you ask it's name? But have you not long ago guessed that no other than imagination possesses these varied powers? Yes! Imagination is the name of this great gift than which no power bears closer upon man's real needs, a power which forms in the mind such wonderful images that could man put them in material shape he would scarcely be longer human. Now shall we allow its shining beauty to become tarnished and rust, or shall we rather mount it often and increase its beauty with the flight of time? For 'tis,

"But another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood."

Name Making.

M. LOUISE BANCROFT.

We hear frequently the question carelessly asked, "What's in a name?" and dismiss the inquiry without an answer as though it were beneath serious consideration; and yet in various ways we all show that we do think there is much in a name. For instance, how often do we have occasion to note the solicitude felt in determining upon a name? How carefully all points of ancestry, of historical allusion, of euphony, of personal features and traits and even hopes are bound up in the choosing and conferring of a name.

To the student this question of personal names, their origin, growth, and familiar uses, though spoken of usually as so devoid of interest, is a most attractive study, one in which if he can read their true meaning, he is reading the history of intimate personal life.

He catches glimpses in names of the tastes and manners of an ancestry even though he may not at first sight be able to detect their precise origin, for time and uses have strangely changed some names but let him remove what is unessential in them and he lays bare in all its simplicity much of the character and lineaments of a long gone era.

As the rule "from the simple to the more complex" applies to almost all things so too it is true of names. One name was all that was needed in early times, and as a rule that is all we find. The Bible of course is our first record of this system of simple names and it affords much information as to the early significance of names. For example we see a historical reference in the name of Moses or "taken from the water," and in Jacob "or supplanter. A prayer was concealed in the name Lazarus, "God will help" and in Samson joy." A personal trait we notice in Levi, meaning true, and in Jonah or dove.

But the insufficiency of the one name system became early apparent and among different nations expedients were resorted to relieve the difficulty.

To Rome belongs the earliest system of exact nomenclature; a system more careful and precise than any which had preceded. Every Roman citizen had a three-fold name; the first answered to our personal name, the second was termed the clan-name, while the third answered nearly to our present surname.

The advent of Christianity seems to have introduced a system of double names, the first was the new baptismal name and the second the previous heathen name.

But during the unsettled middle ages personal names in common with many interests of life became confused. The same person seems to have been known at various times under different names, the person assuming at will a new name or having it thrust upon him by others.

Many attempts in different countries seem to have been made to overcome the difficulty. Finally after many expedients for maintaining personal identity our present system of double names, first and individual name and then a family name grew into general use and has remained to the present.

It is in tracing the history and development of these family and personal names that the curious investigator finds much unexpected information of the most quaint and instructive nature.

The great sources to which family names may be traced are found to be three; first, names of occupation, second, names of locality and thirdly those derived from some marked personal features or traits. For the most part only names of occupations belonging to an early stage of social life are found appearing in names. For instance the common name Tyler is a reminder of the simpler days when the laying of tile roofs and floors in our forefather's humble dwellings was an important calling. The minstrel days are brought back in the names Singer and Harper, and Clark recalls the time when a person who could read and write, was so rare as to call particular attention to his scholarship.

Our own town affords quite a variety of the descendants of the ancestry of the good old days when aristocratic modern ideas as to occupations had not become so prevalent as now. For example we have the descendants of Cooks, Bakers, Turners, Tanners, Gardners, Masons, Smiths, Drapers and Taylors.

Family names of local origin also give evidence of the simpler tastes and life of the ancestry who coined them. There were in those days apparently no anxious hunts made for high sounding names as in the Montclairs and Bellevilles of a later day.

The common family names of this class tell of some relation more or less close between the family bearing it and their original place of dwelling. As in this case, a family residing near a fountain came to be known as Spring, Wells or Atwells. In this way it would be easy to guess the source of the names Hall, Hill, Brooks, Wood, Street, Gates and Lane. Many of these names are curiously compounded as in Broughton (a town on a hill), Sherwood (a cleared wood) and Sherman (one who shears cloth). Among names of this class Bloomfield too has its share as in the Fields, Duffields, Sheldons, Woodbridge, Pitts, Newtons and Stiles.

But revealing most nearly the tastes and life of our forefathers is the third class of family names. Evidently the good people of that day admired robustness, muscular Christianity we call it, so they had, as do we sometimes, Stouts, Strongs, Armstrongs, Forces, Handys, Hardys and Wards.

They were quick to notice better traits of character and designated the possessors of such traits as Wisemans, Nobles, Knights, Goodmans, Manlys, Kings and Earls. Even personal features were not unworthy in their eyes and so there came into being the families of Fairs, Whites, Blacks, Browns, Longs and Littles. In all these classes it is recongizable that Bloomfield has representatives.

But not satisfied with the usual ways of name making our ancestors made excursions in various quaint directions. For example they some times had under tribute the fowls of the air and had Martins, Cranes, Eagles, Dawes, Crows, Hennes and Drakes.

The trees of the forest are also not forgotten for there were Pines, Beeches and Oakes.

But to turn for a moment to those names with which we each have something to do, personal names. They are more interesting to us than the surnames for in the personal name we have more liberty of choice.

And what is considered when deciding upon a personal name? Euphony, historical allusions and characteristics are the most common thoughts.

There are some singular superstitions regarding baptismal names; Some people believe that if a child receives a deceased brother or sister's name it will not live long, others deem it lucky to bear a given name with the same initial as that of the surname, while a few parents exercise their ingenuity in selecting for their children a name that cannot be shortened, thinking as we are told "it is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd or Bill'd or Joe'd as you go through the world."

The source to which these names are traceable are personal traits. Character is seen in Edward meaning happy, Edmund blessed, Margaret precious, Catharine pure, and Helen compassionate. History we recognize in George, meaning a farmer, Eugene well born, Hattie wealthy, Maud noble born and Lucy born at dawn.

I might well be reproached in this brief paper with omissions. I present only a canvas upon which I have sketched an outline attempting to show how much of valuable suggestion there is to be found in a name. Even viewed as a mere matter of history there is such a thing as a good name, and in the common routine of daily life also it is possible for each one to have the good name that is "more desirable than precious ointment" and "rather to be chosen than great riches."

June 27, 1884.

A poetess sings: "Where is my Sailor Love To-night?" Maybe he is enjoying himself in some foreign port. You can't depend upon sailor lovers with any great degree of accuracy.

The Independent "Bolt."

We do not withhold from the procedure of the Boston and New York Independents who announce their "bolt" from the nomination of Mr. Blaine that measure of respect which is due to courageous political action and the exhibition of conscientiousness in public affairs. *The American* has been too long engaged in preaching the doctrine of personal sovereignty, and holds too sincerely to it now, as ever in the past, to begin any campaign of hostile criticism upon men who propose to exercise their citizenship according to the responsibility of their own consciences.

But we dissent from the movement begun in Boston, on Friday, and carried forward in New York on Tuesday, because, in our judgment, the circumstances of the case do not justify it. Independent action may be right or wrong. Revolution has at times been justifiable, and at other times revolt has not. Party tyranny may oppress, on one hand, while, on the other, refusal to join in party action may sacrifice to the public welfare important and valuable results which a reasonable co-operation would secure. It is the simple question, in the present case, whether the independent voters who have inaugurated their "bolt," are not going precisely in the direction of this last result, without sufficient excuse, reason, or justification.

It will be easy and convenient in the analysis of this case to first point out some elements it lacks, which if present would go to justify it. It is not a revolt against "machine" rule. Mr. Blaine's nomination unquestionably came from those delegates who had been elected, not by the "machine" but by the people. The office-holders were against it. All the forces of the Administration were against it. Delegates from the Southern State, whose electoral votes cannot be counted for the Republican candidate, were against it. Had the facts been reversed, and the nomination been made by the pressure of these delegations, against the voice of the Republican districts in the Republican States, then indeed we should have had a different case. Then might the Boston and New York gentlemen have had great ground for a manful protest, and it would have commanded three fold more sympathy and respect. As it is, they kick against what? Against the fair and orderly decision of a freely chosen national convention. Against the choice honestly made by the mass of their own party. They do not allege fraud. They do not complain of force. They do not say that office-holders procured it, or rotten borough delegations carried it through. They admit that by the breaking of the unit rule, which they and all of us demanded and applauded, and by the the consequent restoration to the people of their liberty of choice, this rule has come about. It is a nomination, therefore, born of measures which Independents deemed right, and the responsibility for which rests not upon official interference or Triumvirate conspiracy, but upon that popular expression which we all desired to have instead of "bossism" and corrupt dictation. We have warred against "machine" rule, and against "slates," and in so doing we pledged ourselves, by necessity, to pay a decent regard and make a reasonable submission to decisions which we should receive from the tribunals of free judgment to which we made our appeal.

In the second place, then, since it is not a corrupt, or a dishonest, or "slated" action of the convention, from which the bolters dissent, what is it? Their own declarations, either in the Boston speeches, or in the resolutions which they have put forth, do not make plain what their complaints are. They do not allege anything clearly as the ground of their action. If they charge personal unfitness upon Mr. Blaine, they have been particularly careful not to say so. They say, indeed, in one resolution, that the Republican candidates "were named in absolute disregard of the reform sentiment of the Nation," but this is so sweeping a statement that it cannot be maintained, and will not be. That the Chicago convention was not decently and reasonably disposed in regard to "the reform sentiment of the Nation," such as it is, and wherever it may exist,—nay, more, that it was not in sympathy with progressive and improving and bettering measures and methods,—is altogether untrue. As we have already said, in substance, the convention was freely chosen from the membership of the Republican party, and it embodied therefore the average of the hopes and wishes and purposes of the party,—hopes, and wishes and purposes which no Republican will doubt are in the general direction of satisfying "the reform sentiment of the Nation." We say, indeed, that "no Republican will doubt:" "if then, any who have been Republicans do doubt it, their proper and logical course is to join the Democratic party, or organize a new party. And if they must,—if they set out for such a purpose, for such reason, at this time,—we can only cry them Hail and Farewell. More can be done for reform, in our judgment, through the success than through the defeat of the Republican party in this election.

Upon one feature of the break we are obliged to speak particularly. We have already remarked its Free Trade tone and characteristics. An esteemed correspondent, [Col. T. W. Higginson—Ed. CITIZEN], and whose letter we print elsewhere, and who is conspicuous in the movement, tells us that we have been inaccurate in calling him a Free Trader; but that his associates are mainly of that class, that they look to the support of Free Trade Democrats for President, and that their work is exclusively represented by the Free Trade newspapers is beyond denial. The evidence of it multiplies on all hands. These facts we quote simply as facts. We do not offer them as arguments,—although they may be arguments, and very good ones. We say of these gentlemen that they are "bolting," for what seem to be inadequate reasons, and that, having decided upon their bolt, they let the world know that it will move against Protection. They doubtless have their reasons for wanting to march that way, but they are not good reasons to us. Nobody in this quarter can join such a march. If we considered the "bolt" every way justifiable, as we do not, it would be a hard choice to be obliged to decide between aiding it in the interest of better politics, and opposing it in the interest of the country's industrial independence. Happily, no such dilemma appears; the "bolt" is not necessary,—and when it adds to this fact the further one that it is used for what we regard as a purpose of mischief, the case is settled conclusively. It is the right of the friends of Free Trade to oppose the Republican candidates, either by going over to the Democratic party, or organizing a new party, but certainly they will not expect Protectionists to join them in such an undertaking.

It is, of course, less to the purpose of this article that we are able to say that the "bolt" will be very limited in its extent, both as to territory and numbers. It will not, as now appears, be a highly important factor in the political operations of the present year. It may give New York to the Democratic candidate, though that is yet uncertain, but Massachusetts, from all appearances, does not incline to seek either reform in administration or protection to industry at the hands of the party in which John Kelly is potential, and Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Morrison lead the Congressional majority. That the bolt is weak and not likely to be serious is, however, not the main question. This lies in the queries: Is it right? Is it justified by the circumstances? Is it compelled by the highest considerations of the duties of citizenship? And all of these queries, it seems to us, must be answered in the negative.—*The American, June 21st.*

One of Logan's Bayonet Charges.

A member of the Thirty-first tells a little story of that Belmont attack and victory, which illustrates Logan's dash and energy. Said he: "We embarked at Cairo on transports and landed secretly a few miles above Belmont. The rebels were in force at Columbus and at Belmont, nearly opposite Columbus. We swooped down on the Belmont outfit, and, after a sharp fight, cleaned out the town. In those days the early part of the war, whenever a body of Union troops had a fight and won it, it was thought to be the thing to have a great blow out and speeches and bonfires and music and all that. The Belmont victory was no exception. We had a great time that night. Gen. McClernand made a roaring speech, and so did Logan, I believe. We had great bonfires and an extra supper and all the bands out, and kept it up till pretty near daylight. Then it was found that during the night, while we were celebrating, the rebels had landed a big force from Columbus to our side of the river, and cut us off completely from our transports. We were dazed at this, and in a mighty tight place. Logan was the first to realize it, and, after some discussion, he got permission from General McClernand to try to cut his way through the rebel cordon and open the road to the transports. This was done in a bayonet charge, and was one of the most gallant feats of the war.

NANTUCKET WHALERS AS ARTISTS—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a review of the United States section of the Fisheries Exhibition in London, says: "The 'scrimshaw work' of the whalers and fishermen is certain to arrest attention. The carving upon these pieces of ivory is simply admirable; remarkable, too, when we think of the tools, the sailors' opportunities, and the ordinary occupation of the artist. Well worthy of careful inspection are the figures placed upon a couple of walrus teeth by Captain Chester, a whale-ship captain, foreman of the men employed in the section. Captain Chester, it may be mentioned, made a reputation in the Polaris expedition to the Arctic seas. Two big works in this line are descriptive of whaling scenes, which are very realistically rendered. As it ever is with the sailor, whatever his nationality, Black-eyed Susan has been the figure most constantly in the mind's eye of the carver. From an inspection of these the visitor will pass to the model of a whale ship, the full-sized whale boat, the full-sized model of a whaleman engaged upon a whale, and the instruments of whaling, which stand adjacent. In the cases are several examples of the logs of whale ships, illustrated with stamps of whales, as they also are sometimes with profiles of islands passed or visited during the voyage. The representation of half a whale means that the vessel went on the share system in the capture with another vessel; while the 'flukes' or tail of a whale, in a vertical position, certifies to the unsatisfactory fact that whales were seen but not captured."

THERE are people who assume to tell age and condition by handwriting, and a good many more who assume to tell much of both by a writer's printed age; but the truly pictorial or dramatic writer can cheat the most knowing of the latter. He alone can turn every side of the shield and baffle the most inquisitive of querists as to his own pet opinions. He can not only be the most effective of free lances, but, if he be large enough, the most potent of benefactors. He can take up the unknown and unpopular and present it in a manner that stirs the thinking ganglia of the laziest egotist to whom sociology is a bore. But the pictorial writer, like the poet, is born, not made; and even the critic who would understand him must bring to the task something of the same qualities.

BEAUTY.—According to the Spaniard's idea of female loveliness, a woman to be beautiful in their eyes must possess many tripartite excellences. She must have three things white—skin, teeth, and hands; three things black—eyes, eye-brows, and lashes; three things red—lips, cheeks, and nails; three things long—waist, hair, and hands; three things short—teeth, ears, and feet; three things wide—breast, front, and brow; three things narrow—mouth, waist, and ankle; three things large—arm, hip, and calf; three things fine—lips, hair, and fingers; three things small—head, nose, and bosom.

A CATCH ALL.—A decorative catch all, or receptacle for burnt matches, to hang in a corner, is made by taking the rivet out of a Japanese fan and running a cord in place of it to tie the sticks together over a tin or pasteboard cornucopia. Bright ribbons are woven in and out of the sticks, which should be black, and a bow with long loops hangs from the point, while a ruche of fringed silk or quilted satin ribbon finishes the top.

A carpenter a few days ago fell through his scaffold at a house he was engaged upon, and an acquaintance remarked that he never before knew a carpenter to get through his work so quickly.—*The Hoosier.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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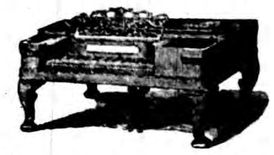

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100 Parlor Suites in Plain and Embossed Silk and Mohair Plushes, Spun and Raw Silks, Rep and Hair cloth, from **$300 down as low as $25.**
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200 Enameled Bedroom Suites, from **$50 down as low as $14.50.**
150 Lounges, Patent Bed, common Bed and Single, all kinds of coverings, from **$50 down as low as $4.75.**

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25 pieces of Velvet from $1.75 per yard down to $1.25; 50 pieces of Body Brussels, $1.50 per yard down to $1.25; 150 pieces of Tapestry, from $1 per yard down to 70 cents; 25 pieces of Three-ply from $1.25 per yard down to $1; 200 pieces of Extra Supers from 90 cents down to 75 cents; 300 pieces of low priced Ingrains, Listz, Rags and Hemps, from 50 cents per yard down to 25 cents. 7000 yards of Oil-cloth, well seasoned, all widths, from 75 cents per yard down to 25 cents.
CHINA MATTING.—Just received, 100 rolls of plain White, Check and Fancy, some as low per yard as fifteen cents.
Besides an immense stock of Pier and Mantel Glasses, Extension Tables, Dining-room Chairs, Bookcases, Chiffonieres, Wardrobes, Marble-top Tables, Lounges of all kinds, Window Shades, Linoleum, Mattresses of all kinds, Children's Carriages, Refrigerators, Wire Safes, Stoves and Ranges, and everything in the housekeeping line at
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